SOME NOTED PLAGIARISMS.

CLERGYMEN WHO HAVE PREACHED SERMONS NOT THEIR OWN.

Authors Who Have Stolen the Works of Others—English Clergymen Who Buy Their Sermons—Rules Intended to Determine the Ethics of Plagiarism.

A German satirist has said that there is no eighth commandment in art, and that the poet and man of letters may help himself wherever he finds material suited to him; that he may even appropriate entire columns with their carved capitals, if the temple he thus supports be beautiful and artistic. This seems to be the ethics of plagiarism enunciated by Sheridan, who in his "Critic" makes one of his characters say:

"Steal! To be sure they may, and, egad—serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own."

There have been some notable instances of wholesale plagiarism which have far exceeded the limits of even Sheridan's ethics. A tragic poet, addicted to plagiarism, read a work to Alexis Piron, in which he had introduced several borrowed verses. While the poet was reading Piron frequently took off his hat and made a low bow.

"What is the reason," said the pilfering poet, "of your singular behavior in lifting and bowing so frequently?"

"My conduct," replied Piron, "is not singular, for it is always my custom to make a bow whenever I meet any of my old acquaintances."

Alexander Pope published the first edition of his "Essay on Man" anonymously, and the authorship was immediately claimed by a certain scribe of Grub street. The audacious claimant met Pope one day and asked:

"How did you like that last poem of mine in my 'Essay on Man?' Don't you think it pretty fair, considering that it was written one afternoon while I was skulking from the bailiff?"

"'Pon my honor," replied Pope, "I think it a first-rate performance, and intend to claim it as my own at some fitting opportunity."

A similar story is related regarding the first production of George Eliot. The possessor of this pseudonym was not recognized at first. In the mean time a clergyman in the neighborhood of Leamington allowed himself to be credited with the authorship.

Dr. Richard Rolt, who after losing his place in the excise by joining the rebel army in 1745, lived for some time in Ireland and eventually became a great writer, once got an early copy of Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination" and published it as his own. The Rev. Mr. Innes did a similar thing with Dr. Campbell's "Authenticity of Gospel History," but in this instance the reverend thief was rewarded with a fat living as a token of gratitude from a patron who read the book before the robbery was discovered.

There have been some curious instances of clerical plagiarism. Dean Swift, in the course of one of those journeys to Holyhead, which it is well known he performed several times on foot, was travelling through the little town of Church Stretton, in Shropshire, and put up at the Crown Inn. Finding the landlord genial and communicative, he inquired if there was any agreeable person in the town whom he might invite to partake of dinner. The innkeeper replied that the curate of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Jones, was a very agreeable and companionable man, and would not, he supposed, have any objection to spend a few hours with a gentleman of the Dean's appearance. Dean Swift directed him to wait on Mr. Jones with his compliments, and say that a traveller would be glad to be favored with his company at the Crown, if it were agreeable. When Mr. Jones and the Dean had dined the former made an apology for leaving, saying that at 3 o'clock he had to read prayers and preach at the church. The Dean replied that he would also attend prayers. The service being ended, and the two gentlemen having resumed their social intercourse at the Crown, the Dean began to compliment Mr. Jones on his delivery of a very appropriate sermon, and remarked that it must have cost him (Mr. Jones) some time and labor to compose such a good sermon. The curate observed that his duties were rather laborious, as he served another parish church at a distance, and that he had not much time at his disposal for the composition of sermons. In fact he could only devote a few evenings to that purpose.

"Well," said the Dean, "it is well for you to have such a talent. For my part, the very sermon you preached this afternoon cost me a very considerable time in composing."

Mr. Jones looked somewhat alarmed, and then recognized his companion, the eminent Dean, whose sermon he had stolen.

"Don't be alarmed," rejoined the Dean," you have such an excellent delivery that I honestly declare that you have done more honor to my sermon this day than I could do myself. You gave it altogether fresh force and power."

Mr. Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," mentions that the Rev. John Trusler, LL. D., a well-known bookseller and compiler, who flourished in London at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, was the first to print manuscript sermons and to sell them to the clergy for ministerial use. These sermons were plagiarized from existing publications. But more recently there has been a system widely prevalent in England of obtaining original sermons, written by invalid clergy and sometimes by ladies, and lithographed, so as to have the appearance of manuscript sermons. These sermons have had a large circulation and are often purchased by men who have not either the leisure or the brains to produce their own compositions. The following incident took place in a cathedral city in the south of England. In this cathedral city there resided a Canon Brown, connected with the cathedral chapter, and a Mr. Brown, a Methodist minister, who thought that he had a perfect right to prefix the title "Rev." to his name. It ought perhaps to be explained that until a decision taken in the English courts about twenty-five years ago there was an impression that the title "Rev." was the sole prerogative of the State clergy. It happened that the Rev. Mr. Brown opened by mistake a number of letters intended for the Rev. Canon Brown, and he sent them to the cathedral dignitary with an apology. The Canon acknowledged their receipt in the following caustic note:

The Reverend Canon Brown presents his compliments to Mr. Brown and accepts his apology, but he would remind him that if he would not lay claim to a title to which he has no legal right such mistakes as these could not occur.

Some months afterward a packet of lithographed manuscript sermons came addressed to the Rev. Mr. Brown and was delivered at the house of the Methodist minister, who opened it. Mr. Brown immediately sent the packet to the cathedral Canon with this note:

Mr. Brown, Methodist minister, regrets that he has opened the packet of lithograph sermons by mistake; but if the Reverend Canon Brown would not attempt to exercise an office for which he has no intellectual qualification such mistakes as these could not occur.

A clergyman once preached a sermon at Great St. Mary's, Cambridge, England, which was plagiarized, but which one of his auditors commended:

"Yes," said the gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it."

This was told to the preacher, who resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said.

"I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will do so. I said that you had stolen that sermon. I find I was wrong, for on returning home and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there still!"

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* some time ago discovered that the greater part of "Paley's Natural Theology" is copied from a series of papers, which appeared about the end of the seventeenth century in the *Leipsic Transactions*, by a Dutch philosopher named Nieuwentyt. It is extraordinary that this discovery was not made before, seeing that the papers, after having been published at Amsterdam about the year 1700, were afterward translated into English by Mr. Chamberlayne, and published by Longman & Co. in 1818, about fifteen years after "Paley's Natural Theology" appeared. As Paley quotes Nieuwentyt from the *Leipsic Transactions*, he, of course, must have known and perused them. Parallel passages are printed side by side in the *Athenæum*.

It has been said that nearly all the leading incidents in Christian's journey in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" are taken from a book written in the fourteenth century by De Guilleville, a work which had great popularity and was translated into English early in the fifteenth century. It is probable that this captivating story impressed John Bunyan when a youth, and that it occurred to him in his solitary moments in Bedford jail.

Moore once observing Lord Byron with a book full of paper marks asked him what it was.

"Only a book," he answered, "from which I am trying to crib, as I do whenever I can, and that is the way I get the character of being an original poet."

In Moore's diary, Mr. Hallam is reported to have said that one of his friends exclaimed:

"I don't know how it is, a thing that falls flat from me seems quite an excellent joke when served up by Sheridan. I never like my own bon mots until he adopts them."

Ruskin has said that all men who have sense and feeling are being continually helped. They are taught by every person they meet, and enriched by everything that falls in their way. The greatest is he who has been oftenest aided. Originality is the observing eye. It is in connection with this thought that Mr. Emerson, in writing of Shakespeare, has said:

"It has come to be practically a sort of rule in literature that a man, having once shown himself capable of original writing, is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion. Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it. A certain awkwardness marks the use of borrowed thoughts, but as soon as we have learned what to do with them they become our own."

Voltaire says somewhat indulgently that of all thefts plagiarism is the least dangerous to society. And Andrew Lang, in remarking upon this saying, adds that of all forms of consolation, to shout "plagiarism" is the most comforting to authors who have failed or amateurs who have never had the pluck to try. And it is for this reason, probably, that a new play seldom succeeds on the stage but some unlucky amateur produces his battered and oft-rejected manuscript and declares that the fortunate author has stolen from him, who hath fortune for his foe. Indeed, without this resource it is not known how unaccepted theatrical writers would endure their lot in life.

Isaac Disraeli tells of a certain man named Richesource who called himself "Moderator of the Academy of Philosophical Orators," who published a work under the title of "The Mask Orators," in which he endeavored to teach the way of disguising all kinds of composition—briefs, sermons, panegyrics, funeral orations, dedications, and speeches. This skilful writer says that all who apply themselves to polite literature do not always find from their own funds a sufficient supply to insure success, and that it is for such that his book is intended. He teaches them to gather in the gardens of others those fruits of which their own sterile grounds are destitute. And he shows them how to place these gathered flowers that the public shall not be able to perceive the theft. Richesource dignifies this fine art by the title of plagiarism, and thus explains it:

"The plagiarism of orators is the art or an ingenious and easy mode which some adroitly employ to change or disguise all sorts of speeches of their own composition, or that of other authors, for their pleasure or their utility, in such a manner that it becomes impossible even for the author himself to recognize his own work, his own genius, and his own style, so skilfully shall the whole be disguised."

Mr. Hardy, in an article in the *Saturday Review* on "The Ethics of Plagiarism," remarks that such ethics ought not to be very hard to fix, and he ventures to propose three lenient rules which he thinks may clear many great men, now falsely accused, of plagiarism. First, he would permit any great modern writers to recut and set anew the literary gems of classic times and of the middle ages. Thus Virgil had a right to all he conveys from Homer and Apolonius. Nor can Lucretius be blamed for his adaptation of the beautiful passage about the homes of the gods. Plautus and Terence, in the same way, might blamelessly adapt ideas from Menander. Mr. Hardy's second rule would be that all authors have an equal right to the stock situations which are the common stores of humanity. For example, no one thinks the worse of "Called Back" because the idea had been used by Xavier de Montepin in "Le Medecin des Folles," and, to a certain extent, by Lord Lytton in the "Strange Story." And in the third place, Mr. Hardy thinks that an author has a perfect right to buy or borrow with the permission of the original author and to publish it as his own. This rule would justify a clergyman preaching a sermon as his own provided he has paid for it or has obtained the writer's permission.

THE TIARA OF KING SAITAPHARNES

A Gift from a Greek City to a Scythian King—Illustrations of the Iliad.

The Museum of the Louvre in Paris has had exceptional good luck lately. Last year, thanks to the liberality of a Rothschild, the treasure of Bosco Reale became part of the national collections; and this year the same good fortune came in the shape of a magnificent royal tiara, which has been purchased and just placed on exhibition in the gallery of antiques. This tiara was found in a sepulchre in Crimea,

southern Russia. Its workmanship is exquisite and its date is given by a Greek vase with red figures found with it, and also by an inscription in a circular border, reading as follows: "The senate and the people of Olbiopolis, to the great unconquered King Saitapharnes."

Possibly this title of "unconquered King" means one of those semi-barbarous potentates over whom the Greeks exercised a protectorate.

It may seem strange that such a superb specimen of Greek art should be found on the border of barbaric Scythia, but those familiar with the economic conditions of the ancient world during the fourth century before our era easily explained the seeming wonder. Greece, then at the climax of its civilization and prosperity, was overpopulated, and, like England to-day, had to draw from southern Russia the wheat necessary for its people.

Between Athens and the northern shore of the Black Sea trade was enormous. Strabo mentions that a certain King Leucon, who reigned from 393 to 353 B. C., exported at one time from Theodosia to Athens 2,100,000 medimes (1,260,000 hectolitres) of wheat. Theodosia was one of the Hellenic Euxine ports; Olbiopolis, another of those Greek settlements, was a town near the mouth of the rivers Hypanis and Borysthenes, and a great emporium of trade between the Greeks and the interior Scythian tribes, who exchanged the products of their soil for those of the Greek artisans.

In no country have such splendid specimens of the Greek silver and gold smiths been exhumed as in southern Russia. The gorgeous discoveries made at Kertch in the tombs of the Scythian Kings, and now in the Russian Imperial Museum, are known by every one interested in ancient art. The tiara of King Saitapharnes is conical in shape, about twenty-two centimetres high, and eighteen in diameter at the base. It is the work of a Greek goldsmith of the best period of art; it is made of embossed and chased gold, and most refined and elaborate are the details of its ornamentation, which consists of seven stripes superposed from the base to the apex. The most important one represents two episodes taken from Homer's Iliad. In front, as can be seen in the cut, the artist has depicted one of the most celebrated scenes of antiquity, "Achilles's ire."

On a seat finely decorated Achilles is seated, his hand resting on his spear. Behind him are two of his companions, standing in contemplative attitudes. Owing to the absence from the battlefield of his dreaded foe, Hector the Trojan hero has brought havoc into the Greek ranks. In their dismay the Achean chieftains implore the stubborn hero to come to their rescue. At his feet they have laid the richest presents. To the left is Ulysses, who humbly brings back the fair Briseis, whom Agamemnon had caused to be abducted from Achilles's tent. To this the King of Kings has added other fair captives, richly adorned as for a festival. Then come four horses led by a slave, as additional presents, but all this is unable to abate the anger of Thetis's son. Phœnix, the hero's old tutor, is adding his supplications to those of the Acheans, but still in vain; and by his side are two warriors, one of them probably Ajax, who brings to the altar a wild boar, ready for the sacrifice, in case they, the Greeks, succeed in making Achilles yield to their wishes.

The other scene represented is the funeral of Patroclus. The son of Thetis has parted with his impassibility; on the funeral pyre has been laid the inanimate body of the friend who was so dear to him. Before the pyre Achilles has immolated, as propitiatory victims, Trojan captives, war horses, a bull, and even his own favorite dogs. Next is the urn ready to receive his friend's ashes. To the left Agamemnon is pouring the libations, and Briseis is weeping over her lover's departed friend. To the right of the pyre Achilles himself, a patera in his hand, is invoking the winds to stimulate favorably the flames. At his invocation the winds, two winged genii, have come, and one of them has set his torch to the pyre, while the other is blowing from a marine shell to increase the fire.

These figures, although but a few centimetres high, are embossed and chased with the greatest perfection, and are full of expression. Below the Homeric frieze and encircling the tiara is the dedication inscribed on a representation of Olbiopolis's walls.

Scythia is typified in the lower border. Various scenes of hunting are represented, in which Sarmates in their national costume of hides are taking part, the ground being decorated with vines, poppies, and ears of corn. The last motive is an allegorical legend. It represents an Arimaspe on horseback, ready to pierce a griffin with his spear, this griffin being in the local legend the guardian of the Ural gold mines. A Nike is bringing the palm of victory to the daring rider.

The conical cap of the tiara is decorated with a graceful combination of palmettos, scrolls, and floral ornaments, culminating at the top in a knob of a coiled snake's shape.

A splendid solid gold necklace, found in another tomb, also of a marvellous execution, was purchased by the Louvre at the same time.

It is to be hoped that more details may be published concerning the discovery of such an unparalleled jewel. From an inscription previously found at Olbiopolis we know that Saitapharnes was a Scythian ruler during the fourth century before our era; but of this King himself very little is known.

GEMS OF QUARTZ ORIGIN.

BEAUTY OF SOME NATURAL, OF OTHERS MANUFACTURED.

The Place of the Amethyst and Agate in the Forms of Rock Crystal—A Crystal Ball Worth $20,000—Search for Specimens—Changes Wrought by Chemistry.

Rock crystal is the purest form of quartz, transparent, colorless, and exhibits most perfectly the properties of the mineral. It is widely distributed, but is brought chiefly from Brazil, Madagascar, Japan, and North Carolina. It is wrought, especially by the Japanese, into polished crystal balls and other articles of elegant ornament. The Romans made much use of it to incise their intaglios, and it has been worked into vases and caskets from the time of Nero to the present, but especially during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Remarkable crystal objects are to be seen in the Louvre, the Green Vaults of Dresden, the Schatz-kammer at Vienna, and at Madrid.

Spheres of rock crystal were used as show stones and for divination from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries. The engraving and cutting of some of these was so elaborate as to cost years of work and thousands of dollars. Spheres have been cut up to eight inches in diameter, and valued at from $1,000 to $20,000. Nearly the latter price was paid by the late Gov. Ames for the magnificent crystal ball bequeathed to the Boston Fine Arts Museum. This ball measures 185 mm., or 7¼ inches. It was found in 1876. The crystal from which it was cut was 18 inches high, 14½ inches wide, and 12 inches thick. It was found on the Ortake-muko-Yuma, province of Kohi, Japan, originally the property of Naito Arimori, and purchased from Naito Tsukuba for 18,000 yen—about $18,000. It was cut by an old workman, who had devoted his entire life to cutting rock crystal balls. This one was started in June, 1891, and finished in December, 1894. The ball weighs nineteen pounds. The famous Dresden ball measures 6¾ inches and weighs 16½ pounds, but is quite imperfect. A five-inch ball cut from material found in Ashe county, North Carolina, and another nearly six inches in diameter, from the summit of Mount Antero, Colorado, are now in the Field Columbian Museum in Chicago. Though not entirely perfect, they are quite equal to the balls of the eighteenth century.

At Hot Springs, Ark., clear, rolled pebbles found on the banks of the Ouachita are often sold. These are more highly prized than the quartz crystals, as the fancy prevails that they cut clearer gems. The scarcity of these, and the demand for them, has led to their artificial production, by putting the crystals into a box which is kept revolving for a few days by water power. Any expert, however, can discern the difference, since the artificial ones have a little whiter surface.

Many places in Colorado furnish fine specimens, and along the New Jersey coast and Long Branch, Atlantic City, Cape May, and other places, transparent pebbles are found in the sand, and are sought after by the visitors, who often have them cut as souvenirs. At such places the local lapidaries have been known to substitute for pebbles from the beach foreign cut quartz, cairngorm topaz, crocidolite, Ceylon moonstone, and even glass, obtaining twice the value of the foreign gem for the supposed cutting. Sometimes even the stones found by the visitors are exchanged for cut ones from Bohemia, Oldenburg, and the Jura. Cutting is done abroad on so large a scale and by labor so poorly paid that the cut stones can be delivered in this country at one-tenth of the price of cutting here, because the rock crystal itself has but little value.

Amethyst is a transparent purple variety of quartz, its color being due to oxide of manganese. It is a very beautiful stone, much used by the ancients to engrave on, but certain varieties are now but little valued, because not rare enough to be costly. It is found in Brazil, Ceylon, India, and the Ural Mountains. In the latter region, near Mursinka, are found superb deep purple gems, changing to red by artificial light, some of which have sold for $500 each. For intensity and perfection of color, and, one might say, majestic beauty, these rival almost any other gem. Smaller but equally fine amethysts occur in Delaware county, Pennsylvania, Maine, and North Carolina. Oriental amethyst is a purple variety of sapphire, far more rare and valuable than the ordinary amethyst.

Agates are usually formed by the deposit of silica, with more or less of coloring oxides, in the cavities of igneous rocks. When the rock disintegrates, they fall out as hard nodules, and are then found on the surface, or frequently strewn along shores, beaches, and the beds of streams. These agate pebbles are abundant on the shore of Lake Superior and on the beach at Pescardo, Cal., and are gathered as souvenirs, and to some extent cut for local jewelry. Externally they are rough and of little beauty, their veined structure and colors only appearing on breaking them, and still more upon polishing. They are made into seals, rings, pencils, handles for swords, knives and forks, mortars for grinding chemicals, bearings for fine balances, beads, studs, earrings, trinkets, match boxes, and many other objects.

A peculiar feature of all these agates and chalcedonies is their power of absorbing coloring matters under certain conditions, and by this means all manner of highly colored varieties are artificially produced by skilful treatment of the stone. Most of the deep red carnelians and sards are thus prepared by burning from pale or dull colored chalcedony, and all the black agate, which has now quite replaced jet in mourning jewelry, is so prepared. In the banded varieties, some of the bands are more absorbent than others, and thus the highly colored black and white onyx and red and white sardonyx are produced, and most of the richly tinted variegated agates used for ornamental work. Picture agate is the name given to quaint markings resembling human forms or like objects. The famous Madonna agate in the Vienna collection has thousands of peasant visitors annually.

Moss agate has been much less used during the past twenty years than formerly, the annual sales not exceeding $1,000. Since the recent use in cheap jewelry of the Chinese natural green and artificially colored red and yellow moss agate, the sale of the American has greatly fallen off. At Hartville, Wy., large masses of moss agate, weighing from forty to fifty pounds each, were recently found in limestone rock. When cut into translucent slabs, they show the magnificent black dendritic or moss-like markings in a most striking manner. Some table tops of this elegant material were exhibited in the Wyoming section of the Mining building at the World's Columbian Exposition. The finest instructive collection of agate known is the wonderful series presented to the Harvard Mineralogical cabinet by Dr. W. S. Bigelow of Boston. Ruskin wrote upon and presented a fine series of agates to the British Museum.

If chalcedony is boiled in a solution of molasses and water, blood and water, or sugar and water, until it has absorbed a quantity of the solution, and is then again boiled in sulphuric acid, the transparent hydro-carbon is changed to a charcoal-like substance, and black onyx is produced. When white bands alternate with the chalcedony, they are impenetrable to the coloring, and appear clearer and brighter. Black onyx has now almost entirely superseded jet.

The yellow variety is made by first putting the stones in a honey solution, then in a solution of chromate of lead for several days. Placed for a few weeks in hydrochloric acid, kept at a moderate heat, a beautiful clear yellow color is given to the streaks that were before a dirty brown. This is also erroneously called golden opal. Stones of a reddish hue are greatly improved in brilliancy of color by first thoroughly drying them for weeks in ovens, then dipping them in sulphuric acid, heating to full red heat, and afterward slowly cooling them. The changes that take place in both these processes are upon the oxide of iron which is the coloring matter.

Modern chemistry has wrought great changes in agate coloring, as in other arts, a secret process having been discovered by which chalcedony of any single color can be made to assume any two or more colors, so that an onyx of any shape or variety of colors can be made. If a sunken centre of another color is required it can be made so that the figure when cut out, remains in a hollow, forming a cameo intaglio. In this manner the fine cutting of the cameo is protected. A white figure may be made in a black stone, a red figure in a brown stone, or a white one in a red stone. By this process the entire stone is first changed to the color desired for the outer layer, then a cavity is cut in the top and a solution put into it, which alters it to the required color. It is this discovery that has made a formerly valuable onyx worth now only a nominal sum.

Agates are thus made to assume the onyx character, which is desired by the lapidary for the production of cameos and intaglios in imitation of the antique sculptured gems. In cameos the figures are in relief and of a different color from the ground. Intaglios are usually all of one color. In Persia inscriptions or devices are written on beads of carnelian and other forms of agate with carbonate of soda and other chemicals; they are then burnt, and the inscription appears white in contrast to the other color.

The principal supply of agates for the last hundred years has come from Brazil and other South American countries, where the stone is mostly found by Germans who leave Oldenburg for that purpose, and who persevere until they find it. Thence it is sent to Germany for cutting, chiefly to Oberstein and Idar. Every fortnight from five to ten tons of the rough material is sold in Idar at public auction, usually in assorted lots of 100 or 200 pounds. The industry yields to the district an annual net profit of half a million dollars, and good agate workmen are among the best paid laborers in Germany, earning from $1.50 to $2 per day.

GEORGE F. KUNZ.

CORONATION OF CZAR NICHOLAS II.

Official Programme of the Round of Festivities to Be Held at Moscow.

The official programme of the festivities at the coronation of Czar Nicholas II. has just appeared in *Le Figaro*.

In the early days of May the insignia of sovereignty and the gilded coaches will be transferred in state to the Winter Palace. On May 18 (May 6 old style) the Emperor and Empress will reach the Petrowsky Palace, near Moscow, by special train, and will celebrate on that day the Emperor's birthday. They will remain in the palace till May 21, the day of the triumphal entry into Moscow. After the celebration of the Te Deum in the Ouspensky Cathedral the Emperor and Empress will proceed to the Arkhangelsky and Blagowestchensky cathedrals to visit the relics and images and the tombs of their ancestors. They will then go to the Alexandrisky Palace, outside the city, where they will remain till May 25.

On May 22 and 23 they will receive the foreign ambassadors in the throne room of the Great Palace of the Kremlin. On May 23, 24, and 25 heralds will solemnly proclaim to the people the day of the coronation, and meanwhile the Emperor and Empress will attend to their religious duties. On the 24th the Emperor will review the Izmailovsky regiments and a battalion of sappers, and the imperial standard will then be blessed in the Kremlin. The next day the insignia of sovereignty will be borne in state into the throne room, the Emperor and Empress will go from the Alexandrisky Palace to the Great Palace in the Kremlin, and in the evening masses will be celebrated in all the churches.

May 26 is the day of the coronation, which will be followed by a state banquet; on the three days following the Emperor and Empress will receive congratulations in the Kremlin Palace, and the city will be illuminated; on the 27th there will be a State dinner in the palace to the clergy and State officials; on the 28th an assembly of the court in the Kremlin Palace; on the 29th the insignia of sovereignty will be removed from the throne room and there will be a gala performance in the Grand Theatre.

Then follow lesser formalities: May 30, popular festival on the Hodyusky field and ball at the French Ambassador's, M. de Montebello; May 31, dinner at the palace to the delegates of the estates and ball at the Austrian Ambassador's, Prince von Liechtenstein; June 1, solemn service at the Tchondow convent and ball at Grand Duke Sergius's; June 2, ball of the nobility of Moscow in honor of the Sovereigns; June 3, pilgrimage of the Emperor and Empress to the Troizeta convent; June 4, ball given by the Emperor and Empress in the Alexandra Hall of the Kremlin Palace; June 5, concert at the German Ambassador's, Prince Radolin; on June 6, the birthday of the Empress, the sovereigns will leave the Ouspensky Cathedral in state, and will give a dinner to the diplomatic corps and the special envoys, and on June 7, after a grand review of all the troops in Moscow and a dinner to the city authorities, the Emperor and Empress will leave Moscow.

CHARLEY WELSH'S IRON POST.

Torn Out of Broadway After Fifteen Years of Effort by City Employees.

There is a story behind a small iron post which was recently removed from in front of the cigar store at 1,211 Broadway by the Bureau of Encumbrances. Fifteen years ago the theatrical advertising agents in this city were having a hard time of it securing desirable spots in which to place their paper. The regular billboards were good enough for the big three sheeters, but it was difficult to place many of the single posters, owing to the vigilance of the Public Works Department officials, who would rip up sign boards and other mediums of advertising as fast as they were put down.

It was Charles Welsh, now advertising agent at Hoyt's Theatre, who finally solved the problem. He bought a six-foot iron post, and one dark night carted it up Broadway to 1,211. Two laborers who were along with him then pulled up one of the flagstones near the curb, and with pick and shovel dug a four-foot hole in the ground. The post was placed in the hole, a bit of the flagstone was knocked out to make it fit, and then the earth was packed tightly around it and the stone was lowered in place. Two signboards were next tied to the post and single posters pasted on them, so that people going up and down Broadway could see the advertisement.

The next day the Public Works people sent word to the station house to have the post removed. The policeman who went around to attend to it tugged at the two feet of iron projecting above the sidewalk for about fifteen minutes and then gave it up, contenting himself with ripping off the signs. The next week two laborers were sent up to remove the post, and they banged at it with sledge hammers and tugged for all they were worth, with no results. They couldn't budge the post. Welsh looked on with a smile all the time, and billposters replaced the signs as fast as they were torn down.

On an average of two or three times each year for fifteen years an order has been issued for the removal of the post, but none of the laborers sent up accomplished anything. The regulars on Broadway have called it Welsh's post for years, and it has been Welsh's habit to doff his hat to it every time he passed up or down the street. But an end came to the prosperity of the post at last. The reform Encumbrance Bureau ordered it removed, and the third gang of laborers sent up raised the flagstone, and after four hours' of work dug up the post and carted it away. Welsh was heartbroken when he heard that it was gone, and the post has been sadly missed by the regulars, who had come to regard it as a landmark.

DR. DEPEW TOOK IT BACK.

A Revised Opinion Concerning the Looks of the Women of California.

The usually gallant Chauncey M. Depew put his foot in it very badly during his recent trip in California when he made the remark, which was quoted in THE SUN the other day, that California was deplorably lacking in song birds and beautiful women, or at least in his trip through the State he had not found either. The remark was spread broadcast over the State the next morning early, and by night the hornets began to buzz, and of course Mr. Depew saw that something must be done right away.

But it is a question if he did not overdo the undoing, for in praising California's fair women a day or so later he took chances on making trouble in Kentucky and Maryland by making contrasts, and suggesting that California's beauties even outranked those of the two States mentioned, who have long claimed a place in the front rank.

San Francisco, he told the first reporter who came to see him after he had had time to see his error, is the home of beautiful women.

"I have known for a long time," said Mr. Depew, "that in half an hour's walk in Louisville or Baltimore one may see many beautiful women. The admirers of the Southern beauties should come to San Francisco, however, and walk down Kearny and Market streets as I have done. The array of female loveliness there is positively startling, sir. It is magnificent! Magnificent—that is the word. San Francisco certainly has as many pretty women as either Louisville or Baltimore, and I would not be surprised if it has more than either of those cities. The complexion of your fair ones may not be as fine as those of the Southern women, but as far as dress goes their taste is excellent, and as for form—divine, sir. I assure you they are divine."

Whatever the Louisville and Baltimore belles may think, the Californians are agreed that Dr. Depew did the handsome thing in revising his hasty comment on the women of that State.

SOCIAL LIFE ON CRUISERS.

ETIQUETTE AT MESS, STOCK TOASTS, AND SONGS AND STORIES.

Why All Naval Officers Have Epicurean Tastes—The Song of the Kearsarge—Mysterious Charley Noble, Jimmylegs, and Others That Only Sailormen Know.

The social side of life in the navy centres chiefly around the wardroom mess. Around that table the senior officers sit. It is there that guests are oftenest entertained. It is there that the social etiquette of ship life is observed most strictly. Punctilious, and more or less formal as the social intercourse of men must be who stand in the relation of superior and subordinate, it is recognized that the best discipline on shipboard comes through a spirit of genuine courtesy. This spirit of courtesy gives a touch of happy informality to a life in the wardroom, and makes men who are crowded together on a long cruise endurable by one another. The social side of their life reaches a climax every Saturday night at dinner, when the presiding officer of the mess rises, glass in hand, and if he is a strict observer of ceremony, says:

"Gentlemen, I pledge you the health of our sweethearts and wives. May the wives all be sweethearts and the sweethearts all be wives."

If the presiding officer is a man of few words he says, but none the less heartily:

"Let us drink to our sweethearts and wives. God bless 'em."

With this a new social week has begun. It will end on the next Saturday night, whether in port or on the sea, with "Sweethearts and Wives." Meantime the wardroom chaff will go on from day to day and the "Fourth Ward," that part of the table where the younger officers of the mess sit, which is at the foot, will be the noisiest night after night, and the steward of the mess, who sits in the centre of the Fourth Warders, directly opposite the executive officer of the ship, who presides by virtue of his rank, will cast a look of concern and helplessness toward the more dignified end of the table, in the hope that his brother officers will never elect him steward of the mess again. No man chosen to that post of duty may refuse to serve, and he must serve at least two months. This rotation in the duty of steward is what makes naval officers epicurean in their tastes and skilled in the knowledge of the preparation of choice dishes. It is as much a part of their education and as necessary to their accomplishments as a knowledge of navigation or of naval strategy. It is what makes them probably the most agreeable entertainers in the world.

The wardroom mess is never filled until dinner time. The first meal of the day, by force of circumstances, is a most informal sort of affair. Breakfast at noon finds only part of the mess there, because of the many duties of the officers. At dinner all are present except one or two, and frequently these find a way to get down to dinner. The "Wardroom Country," that open space outside the staterooms of the wardroom officers, is absent in many of the new naval vessels, sacrificed to the need of economy in space in modern war ships, and the wardroom mess is where the officers linger at night after dinner when the daily routine is done, to tell their stories, listen to the songs, and discuss trifles. For be it understood no serious topic is ever discussed in the wardroom. Banter and persiflage rule there. If serious topics were discussed the wardroom would be at sixes and sevens the whole time. Men who are required to dine together would not be able to endure the sight of one another. It would be easy for quarrels to spring up, and their existence and results would be detrimental to discipline. A war ship without discipline is like a church without religion. Hence the rule never to touch on serious topics in wardroom life.

There is always some member who saw service in the civil war, and when occasion arises, and the circumstances are just right, he can spin a yarn that causes flushes of exhilaration to spread over the faces of the younger set, as they wonder whether they will ever have a chance to display valor and their love of country in actual war. There is nearly always some one who plays the guitar or banjo or piano well, and at times every one can sing, one-half of them only a little bit, and the other fairly well, with one or two good voices to help out the rest and give zest to the whole. Occasionally when two ships lie in port together one gives a "sing-song" to the other, and then the wardroom of the chorus boat rings with an extra volume of song that makes such a night memorable. "Sing-songs" on the old Kearsarge were always notable, especially if they occurred on the night of the 19th of June, the anniversary of the battle when the Kearsarge sank the Alabama off the harbor of Cherbourg. That anniversary was always a gala day on the Kearsarge, and there was never a "sing-song" or other celebration on board when the "Kearsarge song," the one that told of the memorable fight, was not sung in wardroom and steerage, between decks, and even on deck. The rare old spirit of the song sank with the Kearsarge on Roncador Reef, and the superstitious among the sailormen say that the waves and the ghost of the ship sing it among its bones as they rot on the reef, and that not until the new Kearsarge is built and afloat will the spirit of the old song come back to inspire the sailormen and revive the memories of a glorious contest.

On shipboard the social grades are indicated by the sharp lines drawn at mess. The Captain dines by himself. Then comes the wardroom mess, where the senior officers dine. Then there is the steerage mess, where the junior officers, the Ensigns, cadets, assistant engineers, and assistant surgeons dine. Then there is a separate mess for the lonesome warrant officers, who belong neither among the officers nor among the crew. They are gunner, "bos'n," carpenter, and sailmaker, appointed by warrant, and not confirmed by the Senate. Sometimes each has a separate stateroom, but there are never more than four on a ship, and in some of the new vessels there are only two, for there is little need of a sailmaker or a bos'n. Then there is a mess of the chief petty officers, and finally, there are the berth-deck messes for the crew, where there are ten or a dozen men to a table.

If the ship is a flagship, the Admiral dines alone, unless he and the Captain are of congenial tastes. The Admiral's chief of staff also dines with the Admiral if it be agreeable to him. The chief of staff is supposed to have small choice in the matter. The social relations of the Captain to the other officers lie chiefly around the Captain's table. He invites the officers to dine with him in rotation until all have been entertained. The wardroom always invites the Captain to dine on holidays, such as the Fourth of July and Christmas.

There is always room for a guest at the table in every wardroom. Any member of the mess has the right to ask a friend to dinner at almost any time, and on stated occasions the wardroom, as a whole, invites guests. These dinners are always something of a formality. The officers are in their evening dress, as are their guests. In some of the larger ships there is room for eight or ten guests. The cost of their entertainment is assessed on the wardroom staff. When a person is entertained as a guest of a certain officer the expenses fall on the officer who extended the invitation. The same rules that obtain in the wardroom hold good in the steerage, among the junior officers, and in a crude way in the messes of the crew. The members of the crew always feel somewhat in touch socially with the officers, when every day they see the officer of the deck taste their soup and eat a bite of their meat before it is served out to them. It makes them feel that the social distinction between them in the matter of food, whatever it may be in the matter of drink, is not so great after all.

Then there is a social duty observed by the wardroom officers as to the matter of calls. Whenever a new Captain comes aboard, each officer is expected to pay a formal call on him. When an Admiral arrives, or another ship is added to the squadron, the duty of paying calls is delegated to a committee. If every officer were expected to call on every other officer, the series of calls would not only be burdensome, but might interfere with discipline. Therefore a committee of three is appointed in each wardroom, and this committee, with its engraved card representing the officers of the entire mess, pays the required social duties. If a new ship has arrived, this committee pays a call on all officers, from Admiral down. The call is returned in the same way as tendered.

There are certain mythical personages on every ship that have a distinct standing in the social intercourse of officers and men. One of these is "Charley Noble." No ship floats without Charley Noble in its crew, simply because no ship exists without a galley stovepipe. Charley Noble is that stovepipe. The relation of well-cooked food to the domestic life on shipboard is so close that the condition of Charley Noble, who often becomes indisposed, is a matter of great concern to every one on board. Charley Noble is always discussed seriously, and he also comes dangerously near to being a serious topic of conversation for the wardroom mess. It is when a new paymaster's clerk or other minor official comes on board and is taking his first cruise that there is unusual solicitude for Charley Noble. The new clerk learns that this Noble fellow is tremendously popular, but looks in vain to find him. On a recent cruise of the Cincinnati down near Key West a pistol shot was heard one day. Soon the paymaster appeared at his office and said to his clerk:

"Did you hear that shot?"

"Yes, I did," said the clerk, "and I was wondering what it could have been."

"Well, Charley Noble has shot himself; committed suicide," said the paymaster. "Just hurry and make up his accounts and see that everything is charged to him, so that we may send the papers to the auditor. It is customary in such cases."

The clerk made a grab for his book of daily entries and began a search for Noble's name. He failed to find it. Then he seized his index, and just then the paymaster had business in another part of the ship. Twenty minutes later the clerk hunted up the paymaster and solemnly informed him that he could not find that man Noble's account anywhere, and soon the Cincinnati was in a loud guffaw from end to end. The cook had fired a pistol in Charley Noble to clean out the soot and insure a better draught.

It is this spirit of fun that has given the name of "Jimmylegs" to the master-at-arms of the ship and the appellation of "Sky Pilot" to the chaplain. The Captain is invariably the "Old Man" to every one on the ship, and it is probable that he would not resent overhearing himself called that, provided it were not too loud, and the Captain could pretend with good grace that he had become slightly deaf. Although the life of a naval officer is usually a busy one, there are always chinks where he can stow away some recreation of which he is very fond. He can find some time to read, some time for pleasant games. If he desires to be alone, he simply draws the curtain to his room and he is as thoroughly separated from his fellows as if a wall of great height and thickness intervened. When he is at sea, like all sailormen, his thoughts are largely of home and port. His strict observance of social requirements at such times is seen in its results; for whatever else may be said of the average naval officer, he is by instinct and training always a gentleman. His social requirements are the outgrowth of that consideration for others which marks the gentleman everywhere, but is hardest to observe where men are crowded together as they are on a naval vessel.

TRIED TO BEAT THE MACHINE.

Two Young Women and Their Attempt to Get Weighed for One Cent.

Probably they would have resented any imputation upon their honesty, yet they stood before the helpless penny-in-the-slot weighing machine with guile, fraud, and intent to cheat in their souls. The younger one—she was a slim, tailor-made girl—held a cent between her well-gloved finger and thumb. Only one cent for both of them. Now, no penny-in-the-slot machine purposes to weigh ladies, no matter of what degree of fairness, at the rate of two for a cent, yet the thing can be done, and these two proposed to do it.

"We ought both to get on before we drop the penny in," said the elder, who looked as if she alone would be a pretty good one-cent contract for anything short of a hay scale.

"Yes, but if you get on there won't be much room for me,' said her companion. "I'll just have to cling to your outskirts, as it were, and I'll be hanging to you so hard that it will take away part of my weight."

"What a goose you are, Madeline," cried the other. "How can it lessen the weight when all the weight is on the scales any way?"

"Yes, that's true," ascented the younger one thoughtfully. "It's all on the scales of course; but it isn't my weight, is it, if part of it comes on you?"

"Well, you can let go as soon as you get fairly on. Now, are you all ready? I'm going to get on."

Up she got with much swishing of skirts, and her companion walked around her, looking for the side affording the most room. At length, after much balancing and see-sawing, she was fairly settled, and she raised the penny, but instead of dropping it in, said to the other:

"How stupid of you, Allie. You've got your parasol in your hand."

"And you've got your satchel," retorted Allie. "That weighs more than my parasol."

"Why, of course. I didn't think of that. Here, give me the parasol, and I'll put them both down."

That being satisfactorily accomplished, the younger prepared to mount the machine again, but paused as a thought struck her.

"If we both get on how can we tell what each of us weighs?" she inquired. "We'll both get weighed together."

"Why, divide it by two, you goose," cried her friend, triumphantly. "Come get up."

"But I don't believe that would be right," objected the tailor-made one, "because that would make it just half for each of us, wouldn't it? And I don't weigh nearly as much as you."

This was a stickler for a moment, but the mathematical brain rose superior to it after some pondering.

"We both get on," was its decision, "and it weighs us both. Then I get off and it weighs you, and then we subtract."

"Subtract what?" demanded the slender one suspiciously. "I don't believe you know what you're talking about. It's just like those horrid x and y things we used to have in school. Let x equal you and y equal me, and x equal the scales; then you mix 'em all up, and at the end you've got the answer—wrong."

"Do stop talking and get on. I'll do the figuring. We both get weighed. Then we subtract my weight from your weight and that gives us—gracious! what would it give us?"

"Fits," replied her friend flippantly; "at least it would me. I'm sure any attempt to solve it would result in epilepsy."

"Well, I know my weight, any way," said the bigger one; "so we can tell what your weight is by subtracting that."

"Then, if you know your weight, what's the use of your getting weighed at all?"

"Why, it may have changed, mayn't it? Allie, do be sensible."

"I'm trying hard, but I haven't much of an example to spur me on."

"If I could only spur you on to this platform I'd be satisfied. Goodness! Don't push me off! There, are you fixed? All right. Drop in the cent and I'll do the figuring."

There was a click and a rattle from the interior of the machine; then silence. The indicator remained motionless. In vain did the girls pound its face and jig madly upon the platform. Not a wiggle could they get out of the needle. Then they started in and denounced, with the wrath of outraged honesty, the machine, its owner and inventor, and the railroad company in whose station it stood. They declared that they would write to the newspapers and the police. They were very much excited indeed. Quite a crowd had gathered around to watch their manœuvres, and it remained to hear their oratory. When the first force of wrath was spent, a prim and severe-looking twelve-year-old girl came forward to the machine that had swallowed the coin and turned over a white placard which the two had not noticed.

"I think," she said, with a judicial emphasis upon the pronoun, "that it served you right. To cheat a machine! Two for a cent!"

With a Lady Macbeth sort of gesture she pointed to the placard. It read:

"THIS MACHINE OUT OF ORDER."

LAMENTS FOR FREE LUNCH

VERSES BY ONE OF THE VICTIMS OF THE RAINES LAW.

It Was Elsie's Duty as Free Lunch Detective at Andy Horn's to Guard the Lunch Counter Against Attacks by Too Hungry Customers—Now His Job Is Gone and He Is Busy Writing Poetry.

The occupation of Elsie, the former free-lunch detective in Andy Horn's saloon in Park row, vanished with the advent of the Raines law, and ever since the day that the free lunch was abolished he has been writing what he calls poetry. The free-lunch detective was called Elsie because his real name—Alois—was unpronounceable by the frequenters of the place. He used to be a prosperous glassware merchant, but as most of his trade was with barrooms, necessitating considerable libations on his part, his prosperity did not last many years. He finally secured the job of guarding the free lunch, in return for which he received a stated number of schooners a day, with enough small change for a bed at night and the privilege of sifting the sawdust for nickels and dimes that dropped outside the bar.

As the free lunch was displayed near the door, and the huge piles of corned beef, ham, frankfurters and sauerkraut, potato salad, pickled cabbage, bologna, and Swiss cheese formed tempting attractions for certain impecunious individuals who accepted free lunch in all that the term implies, it was very essential that a man of discrimination should be chosen to guard it. Elsie, with his practical experience, was deemed fully competent for the job, and for years he kept faithful guard, bouncing the aforesaid impecunious individuals whenever they attempted to regale themselves without having patronized the bar.

Elsie's sense of discrimination was appealed to when a hungry customer would enter the saloon, slake his thirst with one schooner of beer, and then endeavor to get the full worth of his nickel by making a square meal at the lunch counter. After the man had eaten one or two sandwiches, accompanied by samples of the relishes, Elsie would sidle up, and as the free lunch fiend made for his third sandwich, the detective would crowd him out of the way, pretending that he wanted a sandwich for himself. Ordinarily the fiend would content himself with a glare at the detective and move off. Sometimes he would buy another schooner, but this would entitle him to a corresponding amount of lunch, which he could take without interference.

Occasionally, however, a persistent fiend would present himself, and when Elsie crowded he would crowd back, and the result would be a scrap, which always ended with the bouncing of the fiend, even though Elsie did receive a black eye or a bloody nose. Such trifles never bothered Elsie. It only made his appearance more ferocious, and one glance from Elsie with his eye decorated was sufficient to scare away a fiend. When the police sent a tip for the discontinuance of the free lunch, Elsie's sorrow was like that of the Indian chief, who expressed his grief by saying:

"Injun's heart is on the ground."

The free lunch detective found himself looked out in the street at 1 o'clock A. M. sharp and with his lodging house money he started off toward the Bowery. He succeeded in finding a place where he could get drinks, and he blew in all his change there, accumulating, as he afterward said, quite a jag. The following night he appeared at Andy's with the remnants of his jag and a roll of paper under his arm.

"Was hast du da?" inquired Lieut. Hartung, lately of the German army, but now bartender at Horn's.

"Well, der Frühlingzeit is here and I'm now a poet," said the ex-detective.

"Let me see," said the Lieutenant.

"Last night I went off and sauffed until I was drunk and then I had dreams which I wrote on paper. If you give me a schooner I will show them to you."

The bargain was made and Elsie's poems were spread out on the bar.

Now we shall miss the flowin' bowl,
The flowin' bowl has flown the coop.

This was Elsie's first effort, and the Lieutenant grinned.

Sing a song of fi'pence
For a pint of rye;
Papa has his little flask
And takes it on the sly.

"Well, that's pretty tough. Are they all like that?" asked the Lieutenant.

"No. Here's a good one," said the ex-detective, pulling out one of the slips.

We'll eat grass in th' summer, said the big free lunch man,
Th' cheese will not waltz any more wid th' ham,
When I went down to Andy's me case to make known
He told me, begorra, he had one of his own.
The knives and th' forks are all covered with rust,
When a man's got no money, sure, he can't get no trust.
But what will we do when the cold winds do blow?
We'll have to eat snowballs, we'll have to eat snow.

This one tickled the Lieutenant, and he set up another schooner.

"Have you any more like that?" he asked.

"Yes, here's another good one," said the ex-detective.

It's farewell and t' hell
To th' luncheon so swell,
T' hell wid th' fellow that chased it.
No bunchin' and munchin',
And a-fighting for luncheon,
No more will the regulars taste it.

"That's better. Got any more?"

"Yep; here's an Irish one."

Donahue and McCue
Kem from red Waterloo
An' Fritz Von der Saltz from th' Rhine,
Wid th' Floods and McFuds
Who ate Andy's spuds,
An' Malone an' McKeon and O'Brian,
The old Bridge gang,
With their chaff and their slang,
The Reubens from old Hackensack,
The Pell street Chinee and the big Portygee,
To their homes every one has gone back.

"And here is a German one," said the ex-detective:

Will niemand trinken,
So trink aber ich;
Bier oder wein
Alles schmeckt immer fein.

"Well, Elsie, that's enough. You can have another beer now. What are you going to do with the poems?"

"I'm going to sell them to some of my newspaper friends," said the ex-detective, as he staggered out of the door and wandered toward Printing House square.

ORIGIN OF THE CAT.

Jesus Threw His Glove Down to Free an Old Negro Woman from Mice.

From the Journal of American Folk Lore.

When I stepped on the cat her limp and her cries were so piteous I took her to the kitchen to apologize in a saucer of cream and ask Mammy to care for her.

"Did you trod on dat cat? I certainly is mighty sorry, for it's bound to be onlucky for you if you hurt a cat."

I ventured the opinion that to kill a cat brought ill luck, but had not heard anything about accidentally hurting one.

"My mercy, chile, don't you know it is a sin to kill a cat? Duz you know anything about cats and how they come to be here on this earth?"

I acknowledged my ignorance, unless they were included in the general creation and procession into the ark.

"Well, white folks don't know nothing 'cept what they reads out a books. Wa'n't no cats in no ark, and it's a sin to kill a cat, 'cause a cat is Jesus's right-hand glove. Jesus was down here once, on this here earth, walking round just like a man. I 'spects you heerd about that, didn't you? It's all put down in the Bible, they tells me. I never seen it thar, for I can't read nor write; don't know one letter from the next, but it's all writ down in the Bible, what God sent down from heaven in a bush all on fire right into Moses's hand. Yes, indeed, it is God's own truth, jest as I am telling you. When Jesus was here in this world, He went round constant visiting cullud folks. He always was mighty fond of cullud folks.

"So one day He was a-walking along, and He come to a poor old cullud woman's house. When He went in the door and give her 'howdy,' she stand still and look at Him right hard. Then she say 'Lord' (she never seen nor heerd tell of Him before, but something in her just seemed to call His name), and she kept on a-looking and a-looking at Him hard, and she say over again, 'Lord, I is jest mizzable.' Then He say, 'Woman, what you mizzable fer?' Then she say, the third time, 'Lord, I is mizzable, for the rats and the mice is a-eating and a-destroying everything I got. They's done eat all my cornmeal, and all my meat; they's done eat all my clothes. They's eat holes in my bed, and now they's jest ready to eat me myself, and I am that mizzable, I don't know no more what to do.'

"Jesus He look long time at her, mighty hard, and He say, 'Woman, behold your God!' and then He pulled off His right-hand glove, and flung it down on the floor. Soon as that glove touched that floor it turned into a cat, right then and right thar, and it begun a-catching all them rats, and all them mice, more'n any cat done since when it do its best. Indeed it did, made out of Jesus's right-hand glove, before that woman's own eyes—the four fingers for the legs and the thumb for the tail—and that's the truth 'bout how cats got here. Guess you know now why it's a sin to kill a cat, and 'bliged to be unlucky to hurt one."